

ER.

FINE JOB PRINTING
EXECUTED
WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH.
SALE BILLS,
ENVELOPES,
LETTER HEADS,
BILL HEADS,
INVITATIONS,
ETC., ETC.

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It is a sad thing for a mother to reject Christ; but to gather her family around her, and then take them by the hand and lead them out into paths of worldliness, away from God and His promises, alas! There may be geranium and castus in that family window, and upholstery hanging over it, and childish faces looking out of it, but there is no scarlet thread stretched across it. Although that house may seem to be on a quiet street in all the town or city, it is really on the edge of a marsh across

which sweep most poisonous malarial, and it has a sandy foundation, and its splendor will come down, and great will be the fall of A house without father—a prayerless father! and undevout father! Awful! Awful! Is that you? Will you keep on, my brother, on the wrong road and take your loved ones with you? Time is so short that there is not time for any of it on apologies, or instructions, or circumlocutions. You owe to your children, O father, O mother, more than food, more than clothing, more than shelter—you owe them example—a life that is not a life of sin.

pro-nounced, out-and-out Christian Life.
You can not afford to keep it away from
them.
Now as I stand here, you do not see
my hands outstretched toward me, and
yet there are hands on my breast and
hands on both my shoulders. They are
hands of parental benediction. It is
quite a good many years now since we
folded those hands as they began the
last sleep on the bank of the River in
the village cemetery; but those hands
are stretched out toward me to-day, and
they are just as warm and they are just

as gentle as when I sat on her knee at
five years of age. And I shall never
shake off those hands. I do not want to.
They have helped me so much. A thou-
sand times already, and I do not expect
to have a trouble and a trial between
this and my grave where those hands
will not help me. It was not a very
splendid home, as the world calls it;
but we had a family Bible there, well
worn by tender perusal; and there was
a family altar there; and there was a holy
Sabbath there; and stretched in a
straight line or hung in loops or fea-
tered in the air, the words of the

window. O the tender, precious, blessed
 memory of a Christian home! Is that
 the impression you are making upon
 your children? When you are dead—
 and it will not be long before you are—
 when you are dead will your child
 say—
 "If there ever was a good Christian
 father, mine was one. If there ever
 was a good Christian mother, mine was
 one?"
 Still further, we want this scarlet line
 of the text drawn across the window of
 our prospects. I see Rahab and her
 father, and her mother, and her brothers

and sisters looking out over Jericho, the city of palm trees, and across the river, and over at the army invading, and Mind up to the mountain and the sky. Mind you, this house was on the wall, and I suppose the prospect from the window must have been very wide. Besides that, I do not think that the scarlet line at all interfered with the view of the landscape. The assurance it gave of safety must have added to the beauty of the country. Today, my friends, we sit in the window of earthly prospects, and we look out toward the hills of Heaven and, by analogy, of sinners.

beauty. God has opened the window for us, and we look out. We now only get a dim outline of the inhabitants. We now only here and there catch a note of the exquisite harmony.

But blessed be God for this scarlet line in the window. That tells me the blood of Christ bought that home for my soul, and I shall go there when my work is done. And as I put my hand on that scarlet line every time I enter the house of brightness. My eyesight gets better, and the robes of the victors are more lustrous, and our loved ones who went

away some time ago—they do not stand any more with their backs to us, but their faces are turned toward us, and they drop through this Sabbath air, saying with all tenderness and sweetness: "Come! Come! Come!" And the child that you think of only as buried—why, there she is, and it is May Day in Heaven; and they gather the amaranth, and they pluck the Hilies, and they twist them into a garland for her brow, and she is one of the May Queens of Heaven. O, do you think they could see our waving to-day? It is

not many clouds in the sky. I wonder if they can see us from that good land? I think they can. If from this window of earthly prospects we can almost see them from their towers of light, I think they can fully see us. And so I saw them the glory, and I wate them joy, and I say: "Have you got through with all your troubles?" and their voices answer: "God hath wiped away all tears from our eyes." I say: "Is it as grand up there as you thought it would be?" and the voices answer: "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it en-

tered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for those that love Him." I say: "Do you have any more struggle for bread?" and they answer: "We hunger no more, we thirst no more." And I say: "Have you been out to the cemetery of the golden city?" and they answer: "There is no death here." And I look out through the heavens and I say: "Where do you get your light from, and what do you burn in the temple?" and they answer: "There is no night here, and we have no need of candle or of star." And I say: "We vision our souls off, and

They answer: "The Hallelujah Chorus."
And I say: "In the splendor and magnificence of the city, don't you ever get lost?" and they answer: "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne leads us to the living fountains of water."
O how near they seem. Their wings—do you not feel them? Their harps—do you not hear them? And all that through the window of our earthly prospects, across which stretch the scarlet islets, like that of his chosen color forever. Is it too glaring for you? Do you like the blue because it reminds you of the sky, or

the green because it makes you think of
the foliage, or the black because it is
in it the shadow of the night? I take
the scarlet because it shall make me
think of the price that was paid for my
soul. (3) the blood! the blood! the blood
of the Lamb of God that taketh away
the sin of the world! I am where you
are. You are at the cross-roads. The
next step decides everything. Pause
before you take it, but do not pause too
long. I hear the blast of the trumpet
that wakes the dead. Look out! Look
out! For in that day and in our day
men are on earth, better than any other

defense or barricade, however high or broad or stupendous, will be one little, thin, scarlet thread in the window.

To succeed, he waits when opportunity comes -- Diarrell.

